

Hell In A Handbag

Britnee Kellogg

Mama always said you can tell more about a woman by what's inside
The purse that she carries and the man that she marries
And I gotta say she might be right
Sometimes the window to your soul is just something that you hold
A piece of leather, keeping it together
Mama always said you could tell a lot about a woman by what's inside

I got an old parking ticket that I'm never gonna pay
And an empty liquor bottle from an airplane
Got a lighter that I borrowed from a cowboy in Texas
Still got the spare key to my ex's Lexus
A can of dry shampoo and a toothpaste tube
For nights I don't make it home
Add the Advil to that and a couple red flags
Yea, you could say I'm going to hell in a handbag

Yea, I'll pour it all out on the table right now
Hey y'all, I got nothing to hide
Might get a few looks for the flask full of Whiskey
And packets of Pedialyte
You can say you don't get it
You can mind your own business
At the end of the day there's no shame in my game
I'll pour it all out on the table right now
Hey, y'all I got nothing to hide

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I got a poker chip from Vegas that I never cashed in
And there's that earring I've been missing

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I'm going to hell in a handbag